## Monologues of -:-Monologues of -:- a Mixologist

By Clarence L. Cullen,

No. 7.—Yes, the Sheath off time for a month trying to get a pinny-poppy peek at a sheath skirt that -But Where Is It?



button - down-the- bers.

about this sheath skirt thing. But where is there one? They can call on me to serve as referee, time-keeper, bottle-holder or appouncer. I'll take

ay or night off any time to help that way. But first I'd want to e a flash at a sheath skirt in ac-Can it be fixed? Where d'ye to go to get a peck? fe read eight hundred and seven-

columns in the papers about this skirt thing, and seen enough of shouth skirts to paper the dding, but I haven't had so Ta smoked-glass look at one orking yet. Where do you Act claring to see a sheath gown rn by somebody? the pictures the wearers of sheath its are two or three French milli-

y dolls that are out on bunts when comes to being lookers. They're adging around a French race track, a maybe race track, with a lot of inners piping them off. The pictures ok as If they were taken in a postalthat needed pressing. I couldn't find the shorths anywhere, and I came near losing a lamp locking for 'em.

Then I've seen a picture of a tall, bony bunch of show-girl queens on a



there, either, and so I didn't get excats, 'fraid cats! Oh, well, Gertie Hoffman hasn't gone Dear Betty I HAVE a wearing just clothes. And this is on back on us. anyhow.

One of those roofs, too, where, as a But the next time a glur thoustoes in

ne is which makes up one's fate.

Skirt Is Awful, Mildred, was working, and I'm still guessing.

T've cut the trail of plenty of peeka-boo waists that strained my eyes a Say, what is lot, but I'm waiting yet to be directed to the Directorie skirt. Maybe there are some of them in the telephone digame of button- rectory, but I don't know their num-

> back-where's - the Mason Peters tried to pull it on me bot to m - button- that he saw a sheath skirt at Van Author of "Nightstick and Nozzle." Cortlandt Park the other morning play-



"Taken in a photo gallery."

handbook people have stopped taking blood cozed from a small hole a bullet The sheath skirt and the sea serpent had bored into his temple. bets on the first race.

run to pole for the forminst book. A Sight of Terror. Those are my handicapping figures.

On the floor, with a hand still cling a wealthy widow, and Bessie was the situation.

There's a lot of wheezing about both in the floor with a hand still cling daughter of the man who lay there. She bathed the temples and wrists of my father." There's a lot of wheezing about both, ing to the edge of the bed she had dead.

Emily Soldene were kittens, but they to the rescue. there were some callers around at that time too.

Then send the shot had started who had start

or somewhere. Anthony crays a lot of good things around these works. It '''' do be sad if he'd happen to fall into Raisuli's hands, wouldn't st? And if Raisuli 'ud present Anthony with a 'This spells ruin.'' she said. In a was working over the unconscious girl.

Staff of servants under the old house soing against him.'

Keeper, Ann. who had darted away to 'Yes, dear,' replied Marcia, kissing the girl who had romped with her when over the unconscious girl.

Winthrop was reputed to be worth.

Winthrop was reputed to be worth.

Winthrop was reputed to be worth.

wet. But if they'd take a chance on the sheath gowns they could keep out the sheath gowns the she of the rain and out of the way of the sprinkling carts too, couldn't they? It's a shame to haul a hot one like this sheath gown thing on us and then

F EW questions, if any, are more anxiously and frequently propounded by lovers than the

in which they enter into "the holy estate." Oatmeal with

cheerful and extenuating spirit makes a palatable break-

fast, whereas oatmeal and dissatisfaction is sawdust and

ashes upon the tongue. Husbands and wives who are poor

in worldly goods often are rich in all else which makes life worth living, and the wife who has struggled up hill with her husband generally cares far more for him than

does the one who has joined hers after he has reached

the summit. Life largely is made up of compensations, and moreover mostly is determined for each man and

woman by their own characters and the interaction with

he characters of those who surround them. It is not what one has but what

er own gowns, if it was necessary that she should do so. In old Norway every ride was obliged by custom to cook her wedding dinner, and upon that dinner epended her reputation as a housewife, the opinion of their friends as to the risdom of her husband's choice. What most people need in order to insure parital happiness is not more money but more common sense, the realization that life is a matter of obligations and duties which none can and none should

The elder Worth said that no woman was fit to marry until she could make

It is foolish in the extreme for a newly married couple to begin life at a pace which they cannot maintain, spending what money they have in uselers

extravagances which bring no solid return. Even where there is a solid fund

in reserve it is unwise to heavily draw upon it or to abstain from adding to it

at the outset of matrimony. It is always easy to pass from comfort to luxury.

When luxury must be relinquished the force of contrast makes the comfort

of yesterday the hardship of to-day. Those who are content to begin life well

within their means will be spared the painful experience of being unable to pay

their way. Better a hundred times to begin with a five room flat and end with

stately mansion than to reverse this order of things.-Chicago Tribune.

on to say prudent, for a young couple to marry.

# A New York Story of Triple

Identity, Cruel Criminal Greed and a Co'umbia Boy's Fight for a Barnard Girl's Hand.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

CHAPTER I.

A Shot in the Night. JERE'S to good old Barnard, drink it Here's to good old Barnard, drink it

Don't mind Yale or Harvard, Columbia or Here's to good old Barnard, drink it-The four girls who were singing the

parody on a well known old college song dropped their lemonade glasses and leaped from their chairs as the report of a pistol shot came from an upper

"What can that be?" asked Bessie Winthrop, who was entertaining three of her college companions.

"Mischlef!" exclaimed Marcia Le Grand. "Somebody has"-Before she had finished her remark Miss Winthrop's face blanched and she

rushed from the room. The stumbling of her startled rush up the stairs reached the waiting three. Then they heard her scream. 'My father!"

fell unconscious to the floor. With faces as white as Bessle's had benn the three girls, Marcia Le Grand I remembered that Mason Peters never leading, breathlessly flew up the stairs, things the dolls wear in the pictures slides out of the shucks and hustles the dolls wear in the pictures slides out of the shucks and hustles and a frightened servant followed.

I remembered that Mason Peters are the dollar, breathlessly flew up the starts, and a frightened servant followed.

A man lay prostrate on a bed. He was expensively dressed. His life

plaid taffets chingy bathing suits that were most intimate friends in the senior knew. Winthrop had been a man who had."

Marcia Le Grand was the daughter of knowledge of the world to mistake the and Nellie?"

Raisual's hands, wouldn't at?

Raisual's hands, wouldn't at?

Raisual's hands, wouldn't at?

Raisual's hands, wouldn't at?

And if "This spells ruin," she said. "This spells ruin," she said. "This age amount of money. Almost any athletic sports of the gymnastum. "Yes, body could venture on a statement of Bessie, your father is dead."

Note the discounts for the said. "This spells ruin," she sa diver loving knite?

But the naughty-neughties wear those Marcia Le Grand and Bessie Winthrop the exact amount, but nobody really "Then-de me die! He was all-all I has telephoned for an ambulance and

we see pictures of in the papers, don't class at Barnard College. Both had kept much of his affairs to himself. Bessle! Don't say that, Am I not a policeman.

"Yes, yes, dear friends-but-he was "Why, you know, dear, that whenever them asked. her stricken friend with the water and As she said this, still with a voice have to be netified."

Bessie had been entertaining her three cide. Her first thought was for the man She seemed to gather strength and her gown. didn't call 'em sheath skirts then, and "Telephone for an ambulance at friends when the shot had startled who had furnished her with luxuries firmness from the three faces that

has sent for a doctor, and now is after

we see Dictures of in the Date of the police of the police

"Marcia Sank at Bessie's Side."

"What have the police to do here?" anything like this happens the police Hammerton took him aside.

the the stricken friend with the water and the three girls and the three sees either of 'enc.

The Vassar Buds and the Innocent Ingenues were wearing slit-up-the-side skirts at Harry Miner's old Eighth at Harry Miner's old Eighth at Harry Winer's old Eighth at Entire Place of the bed she had dead.

The home in which the little supper poured a little brandy down her throat. The home in which the little supper poured a little brandy down her throat. The home in which the tragedy took place was on After these efforts she had the satisfactor of loving friends with the water and the satisfactor of loving friends with the water and the satisfactor of loving friends with the water and the satisfactor of loving friends with the water and the satisfactor of loving friends with the water and the satisfactor of loving friends with the water and the faltered, her eyes swept the group of loving friends who were, next to herst of loving friends who were, next to herst of loving friends who were next to her said then the tragedy took place was on After these efforts she had the satisfactor of loving friends who were next to her said then the tragedy took place was on After these efforts she had the satisfactor of loving friends who were next to her said then the tragedy took place was on After these efforts she had the satisfactor of loving friends who were next to her said then the tragedy took place was on After these efforts she had the satisfactor of loving friends who were next to her said then the faltered, her eyes were had then the friends with the dead.

The detective nodded. He was older the faltered, her eyes were had then the fal

lips that were not yet cold. "Why did tionings. you leave me? We could fight the world The Young Policeman. together! Now I must do it alone."

"Don't, Bessie." pleaded Miss Le Hammerton was young, He was but hink we will desert you now?"

vant had returned, and now as the door the piers on his first post of duty. But was opened she led the way to the this introduction into a household which dead man's room, followed by a police- had all the appearances of wealth, but man. He was a young, good looking which in fact was buried in gloom and fellow and his uniform new.

came for me," he said, glancing at the sioner had not taken into account, prostrate body and the weeping girl, There was much coming and going who had again flung herself upon her Hammerton took charge of the door. father, "that this is a case of suicide. He came back to the room accompanied From what I can see now there seems

IS it out of place for a gentleman to eyes showed his sympathy when he

sie. "He was a Wall street broker." "'M, that accounts for something said Hammerton grimly, as he wrote the name. "And your name-Bessie Winthrop. Were there any witnesses?" "No. We were not in the room, but in

another not, on this floor." "Now-the names of these young ladies, if you will kindly tell me."

"My name," spoke up Marcia, to save Bessie as much as possible, "is Marcis Le Grand. This is Gertrude Brown. and this Nellie Thorne. We heard . shot. We permitted Bessie to come here alone, which we should not have done. We heard her scream and fall, and rushed up. All we have seen is what you see now. Mr. Winthrop was dead." Hammerton nodded in a sympathetic way, and stepped closer to the bed. "I'll take this," he said, as he picked up a revolver. The four girls shivered

and Bessie covered her eyes with her hands. None of them had seen the weapon. It had tallen under the arm of the dead man. ' Must All that Be Done?" "The ambulance will be here in moment," said Hammerton, "and there

fied. There will be an inquest. Of course, you know that." They all looked at him aghast. "Must all that be done?" asked

will be two detectives from the Central

Office, and the Coroner must be noti-

"It is the regular procedure." answered Hammerton. "I have sent in word to the Central Office. They will attend to their part. Of course, there will be an inquiry as to the cause of the suicide. Do you know any?"

"My father had been losing money," said Bessie, "and had been anxious and worried of late. Sometimes his eyes were almost glassy, and he didn't sleep. I have heard him walk the floor of the library hours at night, and sometimes he seemed to be talking to himself."

There was another ring and a heavier footstep on the stairs. Two men in citizen's clothes entered. "What is it, Hammerton?" one of

"Suicide-pistol-down and out. Wall

at once began to jot down the facts as "Papa!" she cried, kissing the dead he learned them by repeated ques-

Grand. "Are we not all here? Do you a recent addition to the police force of New York. He was unused to scenes "No, no, but-he is dead! You will like this. He had seen the unfortunates e my friends, and you will pity me, drop in their tracks in the parks and out he-we were like chums. Oh, I'- had dragged the bodies of women who There was a ring of the bell. The ser- had ended their lives in the rivers to lost in poverty, was something the spe-"I understand from this woman who cial training under a military commis-

From what I can see now there seems to be no question about the truth of the statement. But I must speak to somethe trinklets which he has given me, he trinklets which he has given me. I wrote her two very nice letters, have a few, Do you think I ought to return them?

I have a few, Do you think I ought to return them?

If you have decided really to give up your sweetheart it is perfectly proper for you to ask him to return your photograph but you must also reign the presents he has given you. The evidently made love to the other girl in a fit of place in order to make you fealous. If he has written you asking to be forgiven I advise you to forgive and forget this first offense.

He came back to the room accompanied from what I can see now there seems to be no question about the truth of the statement. But I must speak to some body in authority. Where is his wife?"

"He was a widower," answered Miss the only one who has a widower," answered Miss to write the young lady another letter. Tell her of your love and ask forgiven dearly.

It would be perfectly proper for you for your love and ask forgiven it is perfectly proper for your pr for the sufferings of others, and his eyes showed his sympathy when he stepped toward Bessie.

"Your father's name was George "Your father's name was George the stiffened out, and her inanimate form was once more clasped in the arms of Marcia, while Hammerton spoke in a still lower tone to the

## Betty Vincent Gives On Courtship and Marriage

HAVE a lady friend of twenty-seven A Lovers' Quarrel. worth considerably more than I am, although I have an income of about general thing, they only nearly wear here and tells me he's just seen a show-up. Until Somebody's handed us a soft, spotty me to it or stand for a show-up. Until working and live with her at her hear. mango in this sheath skirt business. then I'm laying a crock or apokies working and live with her at her beau-

and have been keeping compa The sheath skirt is like the dodo. That against a can of carrots that nobody tiful home which she owns. She says one year my senior. We were to have is the sheath skirt ain't. I don't lock will get a flash on the street at a she will never marry any one else and an engagement party in Septemb will get a flash on the street at a she will never marry any one else and will get a flash on the street at a should five been mooching around all my between now and next Decoration Day.

Money---Common Sense---Marriage.

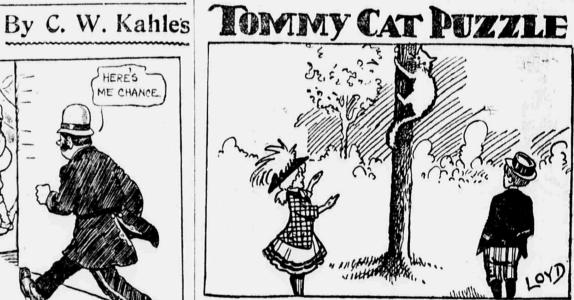
By Helen Oldfield.

September at a she will never marry any one else and will get a flash on the street at a should many of my friends so, but I do not care for her other than in a sisterly way, as she is six years my senior. What shall I do? A. B. The young lady has placed you in a very embarrassing position. If you feel that you can never entertain more than the first you can learn to love her, and you love him dearly, as he was the first young man I ever went with. He has no one else, then tell her you are willing to marry her. If, however, you feel that you can never entertain more than in a sisterly way, as she is six years my was his fault. He deliberately went very embarrassing position. If you feel that you can never entertain more than in a sisterly way, as she is six years my was his fault. He deliberately went very embarrassing position. If you feel that you can never entertain more than in a sisterly way, as she is six years my was his fault. He deliberately went very embarrassing position. If you feel that you can never entertain more than in a sisterly way, as she is six years my was his fault. He deliberately was her than in a sisterly way, as she is six years my was his fault. He deliberately was her than in a sisterly way, as she is six years my was his fault. He deliberately was her than in a sisterly way, as she is six years my way has placed you in a very embarassing position. If you feel that you can never entertain more than in a sisterly way, as she is six years my way has here. If, however, you feel that you can never entertain more than in a construction of the proper to write for a photon of

He Wants to Make Up.

HAVE been keeping company with a house party?

wear a Tuxedo at a reception or stepped toward Bessie. HAVE been keeping company with a young lady for the last two years. We both loved each other. About the summer time where formality is not considered, but a full dress suit "Yes, George Winthrop," replied Best "Your father's name was George Winthrop, if I am not mistaken," he surgeon "Yes," was the reply of the man is white. "I can fix her up—I guess." (To Be Continued.) two months ago we had a quarrel, and should be worn at a reception.



HOMAS CAT went up a tree, Which was sixty feet and three; Every day he climbed eleven, Every night he came down seven; Tell me, if he did not drop, When his paws would touch the top?

#### A Sextet of Kitchen Hints.

W HEN cutting a tomato pass the knife frequently over the freshly cut surface of a large onion. The resulting flavor is indescribably delicate.

Always mend table-linen before sending it to the wash. Get some ne linen thread, or if that is not to be had, some fine flourishing cotton of different sizes, according to the quality of the cloths. Tack a piece of miff paper over the hole on the right side and an inch over all around. Darn very carefully on the wrong side, going half an inch beyond the hole on every side, and make the crossing very even and regular.

To remove gruss stains from white material, rub the spots thoroughly with soft soap and baking-powder. Let this remain on for twenty minutes, then wash well and put in the sun to bleach, If tinware is so badly stained that whitening will not clean it, make

weak solution of oxalic acid and water, dip a bit of soft rag in it, rub the article with it, and dry it with whitening on a cloth. If a cork is too large for a bottle, soak it in bolling water for half an nour; this will make it so soft and supple that it can easily be pressed

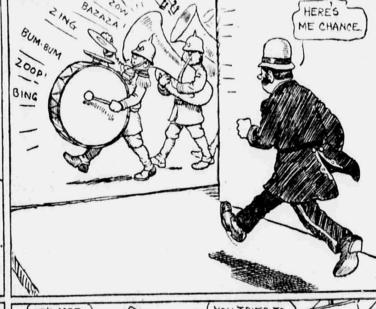
Dirty finger-marks on light paint may be quickly taken off by rubbing them with a bit of clean flannel dipped in paraffin and then with a clean soft cloth.

### quently propounded by lovers than that of upon how much, or, rather, upon how little, money it is safe, much, or, rather, upon how little, money it is safe, it all depends upon the two who marry and the spirit











#### The Rose Tree in the Slums.

By Clinton Dangerfield. UT of the reeking soil her strong roots drew Pure essences that filled her gentle veins; Her velvet petals to full beauty grew, And, in the very flood of Squator's stains, She kept unspotted stem and leaf and flower Wresting from uglinesss her lovely dower,

Man and the poor chameleon alone Yield to Environment's despotic seal. True to itself (where'er it is chance thrown). Each Rose unfolds; while at Despair's dark heel Man weakly trails and, dropping sword and lance, Dares stoop to lay the blame on Circumstance.